

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

rifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am: iflike a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse; yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Gyldesterne, and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Ros.* God saue you fir.

*Gyl.* My honor'd Lord.

*Ros.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My extant good friends, how doost thou Gyldesterne?

*A Rosencraus,* good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Gyl.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap; We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

*Gyl.* Faith her priuates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonore?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Gyl.* What should we say my Lord?

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros.* What say you.

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not of.

*Gyl.* My Lord we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roose fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

*Ros.* My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

*Ros.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

*Ham.* He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the Louer shal not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely: or the black verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

*Ros.* Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Curry.